WEEK ON TRANSPORT JUST LIKE OLD DAYS

Corporal Bill Wins Prize by Telling All That Happened

GOBS GROWING FUNNIER

All the Ancient Jokes and Lots of New Ones Help to Kid Men in O.D.

On board the U.S.S. (?),
25th June, 1918.

Dear Friend Earl,—It is now a week since I first set foot on one of Uncle Sam's transports, so I thought I'd use up some of my time writing you a letter and telling you what a time I am having.

When we started out for the transport we found out how considerate the Gen. was for us. While we were in camp we were quarantined, so he had us leave when it was dark so that we wouldn't see the town and feel sore because we wasn't allowed in it. It also saved us from sunburn and being sunstruck, this night march did.

Before we were put on the transport we were put on an excursion boat (of course we were crowded, but that stopped a lot of fellows from seeing anything, which prevented home-sickness) and given an hour ride in the harbor.

When we finally arrived at the transport everyone wanted to be first on board.

Well, my company was first, and we were all glad, but I knew there was some catch in it or else we would not have been first.

There was, just as I thought. The first company on had to go down furthest in the ship, and that's why we were first, I guess.

When we saw it we got sore, but I'm sure we did not say anything we could be court-martialed for.

Didn't Like Chambermaid

There was an ensign or admiral or something detailed to our sleeping quarters to show us where we were to sleep and to act as chambermaid. But we didn't like the way he acted, so we dismissed him when we knew where our bunks were.

The man who built our bunks sure didn't want us to be lonesome at night when the lights went out, because he made sure to put us close together. Why, he built them so close that if I stretch my legs, I've got to make excuses to two fellows who claim that I try to push them out of bed.

I have a top bunk, and the first thing that struck me when I got into it was an artistically white painted solid iron beam. I hit it with my thinker, and every time I put my Stetson on I remember the beam. Of course, the lump on my head will soon go away, I know for a fact. Why, it is only half as large as it was one week ago.

They are afraid of the ship getting filled with water, so they left the springs out of our bunks.

We aren't allowed to smoke, but every cot has its pipe. That was a joke, didja laugh?

It is a tough job to go to sleep here, and the Gen. knows it, so he has us start a half hour before sunset so that we are asleep by 4 a.m., when he wakes us up.

Just Water and Sky

Anyhow, the boys are all happy, and every night when the lights out out, about eight, harmony quartets sing us to sleep.

The first day out we amused ourselves by watching the ships and the changing color of the water, but on the second day we only had the water and sky to look at, which was tiresome.

On the third day the Germans did their best to start something with their subs, but our gunners were rather cruel to us, because they sank one before we all saw it, and scared the rest of them away.

Every day we have some music handed to us by the band, because the authorities believe that it takes wine, woman and song to make a soldier happy. Realizing this, they gave us everything but the wine and woman.

We also had church service, and it was well attended by those who wanted to be there, those who had nowhere else to go, and those who were caught in the crowd.

We are drilled every meal time. We get two a day, and eat them on the double so that we will know how to do it when we start for Berlin, and then we won't have to stop for meals.

I miss the candy most, and every day there is a regular subway crowd near the canteen trying to get the much desired sweets.

Decks, Decks and Then Decks

Every day we have a few minutes in which to see how fast we can run up the stairs so that we can get on deck if a sub presents us with an honest-to-goodness torpedo and gives us a bath.

There are more decks on this ship than there are articles of war for us to obey.

A fellow said that we must get our water on the well deck, so I tried, and think he was kidding, because I couldn't find any wells or faucets either. There is another deck they call the boat deck, but it's the same as any other one, and hasn't even a canoe on it.

The forecastle don't look like a castle either, and don't leave anyone tell you it does, 'cause I know different.

I thought they sent messages by crows like we do pigeons, because a fellow said he was going to the crow's nest. But it is only a big box on the end of a pole where a fellow sits and watches for land. Gee, they have some funny names for things, don't they?

I heard some sailors say the gun watch was broke, so I didn't want to see a sub come and not get touched, so I told a fellow I know who can fix watches. He went up and wanted to fix it, but they wouldn't let him. They said it would be all right when they got paid. Then they laughed at me. Some people are never grateful.

Saw some flying fish today, and heard that they build their nests on the rollers and feed on the crust of the waves. I didn't see any nests, so I ain't sure yet.

I was looking for some seaweed fields, but a sailor said they spoiled them all when they built the steamer lanes for these here boats.

I am getting tired of seeing nothing but ocean and sky. It must be easy to run a transport. All we have done since we left was follow the fellow in front of us.

I was told our company must eat in 20 minutes, so I will close now because the captain will get sore if I don't eat when he says I should. I will write more some day soon. So long.

Yours truly,
BILL (Corp.).

P.S.—If you *ever* join the Army, join as an officer, because they don't have to leave the boat until last, and it sure is tough to be the first to get wet.

The chaplain of Infantry who sent in the above letter wrote as follows: "Permit me to submit the prize-winning letter which took first place in a large field of contestants while our organization was crossing the Atlantic. Six money prizes, contributed from the chaplain's fund, were given after the unanimous decision of three judges, a brigadier general, a British captain, and a naval ensign. The theme given by the chaplain for the men to write upon was, 'One Week on an Army Transport,' and no less than 500 words could be written nor more than 1,000. 'Human interest' was the only point of excellence to decide as to who the winners were. The whole contest served to relieve the monotony of a sea voyage, and the judges stocked up with laughs to last them for the entire campaign."—Editor.

ONE OF OUR OWN HEAVIES

A.E.F. FACES IN FUTURE

(A few little scenes after the war, back home.)

"Mr. Smith, this is Mr. Blankencamp."

"Glad to know you."

"Glad to know y——Say! Your name is awfully familiar. Didn't you serve with the Marines over at ———?"

"Why, yes!"

"And didn't you ouce lend me a light when I was all out of *briquet* juice and happened to be going by your diggings with an unlit pipe in my face?"

"Seems to me I do remember a mutt with a phiz like yours, straying up in our neck of the woods one morning looking like a lost soul; yes, I remember swapping addresses with him after lighting his stove for him. So you're ir. are you?"

"I am that—shake!"

"Shake!"

* * *

"Mr. Brown, here's a man I'd like to have you meet—Mr. Passbuck."

"Hm—Mr. Passbuck, glad t' know ya! Le's see—Passbuck, Passbuck? Name's awfully familiar. Weren't you down at Jenesaispas in the spring of 1919?"

"Yes."

"And weren't you third assistant deputy quartermaster down there?"

"Yes; why? Were you there, too?"

"For awhile. And I also remember some conversation with a young lieutenant who was trying to palm off a ton of condemned hardtack on my poor overworked and eatless outfit."

"He didn't know it was condemned at the time, sir; honestly, he didn't!"

"I remember I told that young squirt to go to hell."

"You did, sir, and with all the variations. But he hasn't gone yet!"

"So I see. Well, let's forget it. What is it you want to sell me now?"

* * *

"Say, excuse me for butting in, but I've seen you some place before."

"Where? In France?"

"Sure, that's just what it was."

"You were doing M.P. work up at Beauville just before the push, weren't you?"

"All of that?"

"Yes, all of that. And you didn't like the way I had my ornament pinned on to my overseas, and you said something about it, and I asked you where in the name of time you got that stuff, and we had quite a talk. Don't you remember me?"

"Nope, old-timer; sorry to say I don't. I pulled in so many guys up there I couldn't possibly remember 'em all. So you were one of 'em, eh?"

"Youse! Got anything to say now about the way I've got my derby on?"

* * *

"Hello, there, old scout! You don't get me at all, do you? Don't you remember slipping me a swig out of your canteen up at Bloo-bloo one awful hot day in the June of 1918?"

"Seems to me there was a guy somewhat like you up there, at that. I thought there was something about you I recognized."

"We had to move on so darn quick I didn't get your name or even have a chance to say thanks, or a thing. But I always swore that if I met that bird back in the States, I'd pay him back in something better than plain *cau*. Will you step inside?"

"Thanks; I don't mind if I do!"

ONE FOR THE CRITIC

In a certain French city they still tell the yarn about a veteran major of the Medical Reserve who, in the summer of 1917, during his first months of service in France, ardently devoted considerable of his time to his newly-found French acquaintances and their tastes for art.

In a Burgundy museum the major was being escorted by a coterie of native military officers and his daughter, a civilian in the service. The daughter had accumulated the elementary lingo necessary to conversation. The father wished to express his admiration for a famous replica in bas-relief. He turned to the young woman and whispered:

"What shall I say to show I think it's pretty?"

And the daughter whispered something hurriedly into his ear. With something of a well-ordered expression of profound joy, the American officer beamed on his French host and then, thrusting both arms at the work on the wall, cried:

"*Ah, pomme de terre, pomme de terre.*"

SURE TO OPEN UP ON HIM

Thin: Walk across that field with you? I should say not!

Fat: Whassamatter? Ain't I fit company?

Thin: Yes, but that Hun sausage will take you for a whole platoon.

"Say, cook, got anything to eat?"

"Well, I wouldn't go so far as to say we had anything to eat, but we can give you a kiffful of slum."

AIRPLANE INSIGNIA MORE LIKE ALLIES'

American Machines Not to Carry Stars—Germans Copy Circle

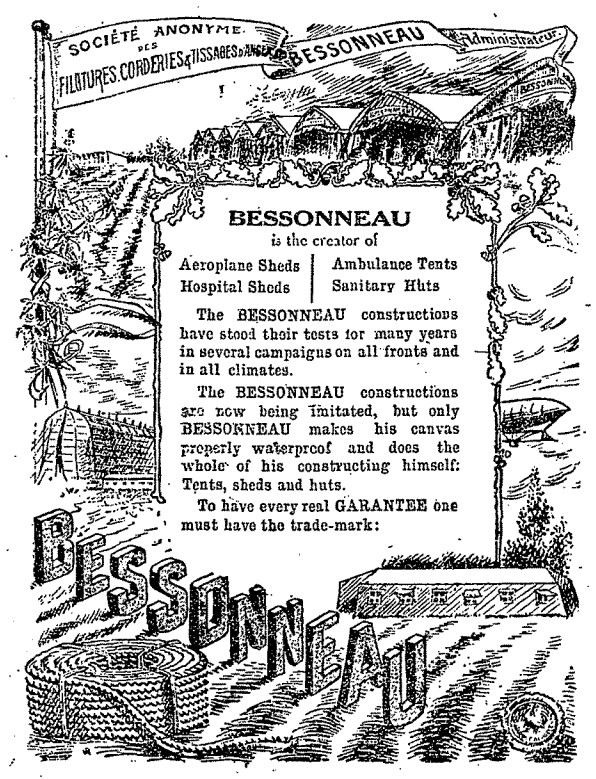
The star on a bulls-eye background of red, white and blue originally adopted as the official marking for American airplanes, has been abandoned. A white bulls-eye with a red outer circle, a blue inner circle and a white center now is the official insignia. The star, it was found, might be mistaken for a cross, the German marking, at a high altitude or when seen at an angle by another airplane.

The adoption of the new design makes the American insignia uniform with that of our allies. All Allied aircraft bear circular markings containing their national colors, and when an A.E.F. soldier sees an airplane with a circular marking he will be safe in assuming that it is a friendly craft—unless the circle is solid black.

If it is solid black, the machine is German. The Boche is trying deceit again, and is painting some of his machines with a black circle. This is not so conspicuous as the cross. At a distance it takes a keen eye to distinguish the color of the circle, and if an inquisitive Allied airman approaches to get a closer look, the Boche has time to fly back to the safety of his own lines.

The designs which will become most familiar to the Americans will be various arrangements of red, white and blue, the national colors of England, France and the United States. The French markings are, from the outside in, red, white and blue, and the British blue, red and white.

The Belgian and Italian markings are made up of the national colors of the two nations. The Italian is of a red, white and green, and the Belgian of black, white and yellow.



FUEL ALLOWANCES LAID DOWN BY G.H.Q.

Wood to Be Used Where Practical to Save Coal and Coke

There'll be a hot time in the old town, but not too hot. G.H.Q. says please not. "The utmost necessity exists for economy in the use of fuel, and all commanding officers will be held strictly accountable for conserving the supply."

Further than that, wood is to be used where practicable in preference to coal or coke.

Here are the authorized allowances:

For troops not in trenches:

Summer period (April 1 to October 1)
Coal: 1½lb. per man per day, OR
Wood: 3lb. per man per day.

Winter period (October 1 to April 1)—
Coal: 1½lb. per man per day AND
Wood: 2½lb. per man per day.

Please note that OR and AND. There's a difference.

For men in the trenches the allowances are as follows:

Summer period—
Coke: 2lb. per man per day AND
Charcoal: ½lb. per man per day.

Winter period—
Coke: 3lb. per man per day AND
Charcoal: 1lb. per man per day.

All these issues are to be regarded as covering cooking (including indoor kitchen mess ranges and field ranges) and warming buildings occupied as billets, for washing, etc., except a few special places, such as laundries and baths, which have their own fuel allowances.

The order also warns against the use of coke or charcoal in unventilated quarters. In such cases they emit a gas that can do as much damage as the Hun's own. They are to be used only in the open and in well ventilated quarters.

GREEN AS THEY MAKE 'EM

Bunkins: Hasn't been over here very long, has he?"

Lunkins: Long? Why, he doesn't know the difference between a Croix de Guerre and the Mexican service stripe."

"Say, feller, where's the field kitchen?"

"Over in that wood yonder."

"Well, whatnell is a field kitchen doin' in a wood?"